Me and others

Alone one afternoon
i found that i exclaimed
"i love my life."
But this was false
a mere pretence.
Who did i try to tell?
And there might be
simplicity,
complexity
(or intermediacy)
explaining this or that aspect
or why and what i spoke.
And Freud or Jung
might think to find
a motivation clear -
a cause arising from
the urges and the drives
i thought i never had
- i don't concur - but see
some things complex in me
and some simplicity
that forms a depth of superficiality,
but then to think that this
applies as well to you:
it adds thirteen dimensions more
to social interaction - makes a chore
of what would seem an easy task
when out of reach of analysing grasp
- and as to others' motivation - i don't guess -
i'd find myself with more that's less.